When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight,
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:
Where now you both a father and a ſonne,
By your untimely claſpings with your childe,
(Which pleaſures fits an husband, not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh)
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt floures, yet they poyſon breed.
Antioch farwell, for wiſedome ſees thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker than the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth provoke;
Murder's as neare to luſt, as flame to ſmoake:
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to have his head,
He muſt not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a lothed manner.
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall, my honour muſt keepe hie.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highneſſe call?

Anti. Thaliard, you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her private actions
To your ſecreſie; and for your faithfulneſſe
We will advance you *Thaliard*:

Behold

Pericles Pr

Behold, heer's poyſon and h
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*,
It fits thee not to aske the re
Becauſe we bid it: ſay is it
Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter A

Ant. Enough. Let your
haſte.
Meſſ. My Lord Prince *P*
Ant. As thou wilt live fly
a well experient Archer hits
do thou never returne, unle
Thal. My Lord, if I can g
make him ſure enough: ſo
Ant. Thaliard adieu, till
My heart can lend no ſucco

Enter Peri

Per. Let none diſturbe u
Why ſhould this change of
The ſad companion dull-ey
By me ſo uſed, a gueſt as no
In the dayes glorious walke
The toombe where griefe ſ
Here pleaſures court mine e
And danger which I feared
Whoſe arme ſeemes farre t
Yet ne ither pleaſures art ca
Nor yet the others diſtance
Then it is thus, that paſſions
That have their firſt concep
Have after nouriſhment an
And what was firſt but fear
Growes elder now, and cat
And ſo with me; the great
Gainſt whom I am to little

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